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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(TIME) (DATE) (DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

MUSIC: Rangers' Song

ANNOUNCER: Springtime is a mighty busy season on all the National Forests, and our friends at the Pine Cone Ranger Station have been as busy as any of them lately. When we left them last week, you remember, Ranger Jim Robbins was up against a tough situation, worried about an out-break of incendiary forest fires down in Lonely Valley. Although Jim was reluctant to let him go, Jerry Quirk, his assistant, started off alone to do a little detective work to see if he could catch the firebug.

As we tune in now, Jerry is tramping through wild and rugged Lonely Valley trying to track down the firebug. But we're going first to the Ranger Station, where Mary Halloway, the local school-teacher, has just dropped in to keep Bees Robins company while the men are away. -- Here we are --

BESS: (FADING IN) My goodness these men. Jim hasn't come home yet.

MARY: Where is he, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: He went to see about having some more fire guards assigned here.

MARY: He has a really bad cold, hasn't he, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I should say he has. I shouldn't have let him go out at all - but you can't do a thing with him, Mary. He just won't take care of himself -- especially when he has a bad fire situation on his hands like he has now.

MARY: I know. With all those incendiary fires over in Lonely Valley. I'm worried about Jerry, too -- all by himself over there trying to catch that fire-bug. Suppose it should be a dangerous criminal or somebody like that setting those fires.

BESS: Jim didn't want to let Jerry go, but I don't think it was so much because he thought it might be dangerous as that Jerry didn't know the country and hadn't had much experience with incendiaries and all, and Jim thought it would be a waste of time.

MARY: But it's such wild country, and Jerry all by himself.

BESS: Oh, I'm sure he'll be all right. Probably right now -- now that it's dark, he's found some place to unroll his blanket and make camp for the night.

MARY: Suppose that fire-bug was a murderer too. He might find Jerry while he's sleeping and ---

BESS: You must learn not to worry about such things, dear. I'm sure Jerry will get along all right. Here, you look at the paper while I finish clearing off the table.

MARY: All right-- my, all that terrible fighting in Spain --
Oh Mrs. Robins, here's something -- it says that one of
the guests at the Sunset Hotel has mysteriously disappeared.

BESS: At the Sunset Hotel? That's not far from our Forest.

MARY: No, over near Blue Lake. It says that Professor Wilberforce
Chinkle --

BESS: What an odd name.

MARY: Yes, isn't it? I remember him, too. He lectured at our
college one time when I was a student. He was awfully nice,
and he's an eminent authority on Shakespeare. -- It says
that Professor Chinkle and his wife came to the hotel on
Tuesday for a rest and vacation. He had just finished a
book he was writing about Shakespeare's poetry. Wednesday
night he disappeared and he hasn't been seen since.

BESS: Maybe he went off on a trip somewhere.

MARY: They don't think so. It says he was wearing pajamas and
bedroom slippers. And he took his favorite pipe and a
tobacco pouch. So he couldn't go very far dressed like that.

BESS: Maybe the poor man is suffering from -- what is that people
suffer from when they forget things?

MARY: Amnesia.

BESS: That's it. Perhaps he's a victim of amnesia.

MARY: That's what the paper says. Or else maybe he just
wandered into the woods and got lost. The Sunset Hotel is
right near the Forest.

BESS: I hope they find him, poor man

MARY: So do I. He's such a nice man. -- I hope Jerry doesn't get lost in the woods too.

BESS: He won't, dear. You mustn't worry about him.

MARY: I hope he took enough blankets. It must be cold out there in the forest.

BESS: He'll be all right. The only thing is, I'm afraid he'll be so intent on catching that fire-bug that he'll tire himself out.

(MUSIC - INTERLUDE - FADE-OUT TO FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE)

JERRY: (AS IF JUST AWAKENED) M-m-m- uh -- hey, what's the idea, sneaking up on a guy when he's sleep -- hey, whatcha doing there -- stealing my grub?

CHINKLE: (TALKS AS IF RECITING BLANK VERSE POETRY)

He who steals my purse steals trash,

'Tis something, nothing.

JERRY: That's not my purse. That's my breakfast. What's the idea, eating my grub?

CHINKLE: 'Tis but indifferent, me seems, this cheese,
But I apprise the ham lacks nought of excellence.

JERRY: Well, I'll be darned. Hey, you gonna gobble up everything in the bag?

CHINKLE: Tush. Alarmed you need not be.
I am a man of meager appetite.

JERRY: That's lucky. Well, if you're hungry as all that, go to it. Help yourself, mister.

CHINKLE: Now am I pleased, indeed,
With this, your dainty victual.
The world's most amiable again.

JERRY: You're welcome, I'm sure, mister. But what the dickens
are you doing way out here in the woods in your nightie?

CHINKLE: Thou art inquisitive, sir,
But 'tis the life that I enjoy.
It likes me not to be confined in towns
Where bombast racks the wearied brain.
The greenwood hath a frolic air --

This broad expanse of moon and sky and forest

JERRY: But look here, mister, you'll catch cold or something
running around in your pajamas like this. You're not
dressed warm enough.

CHINKLE: Methinks my gear doth need an innovation,
For cruel and chill doth wind become at dawn,
And e'en bright fires of boughs upon the rocks
Lack warmth.

JERRY: (SOTTO) Hmmm. So that's it, huh? So you're the guy
that's been starting those fires around here? I had an
idea there was something screwy about those fires.

CHINKLE: I comprehend thee not.

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CHINKLE: I comprehend thee not.

JERRY: Well, anyhow, back you're going with me, pronto. There's a nice warm bed, and clean clothes, and good food at a place I know, mister. How about it?

CHINKLE: Sirrah, by your goodly speech
I am persuaded you are e'en a gentleman.
Right willingly I'll make company with you.
That place of snugness hath a cheerful portent.

JERRY: Okie dokie, mister. Just wait 'till I get my boots on again. Here, slip this jacket of mine on.

CHINKLE: Gramercy. A sturdy doublet, this,
But, sounds, 'tis overample.

JERRY: Taint a perfect fit, but it will keep you a little warmer --
Come on, let's get going! The moon's up.

CHINKLE: Lead on, airrah, while we are now in trim,
And all about the forest glade doth play
The bright moonlight, we'll amble briskly.

JERRY: Say, mister, what's wrong with you, anyhow? You seem like a good guy, but kinda -- kinda funny. Maybe you haven't had the whole Pine District in an uproar with those fires you've been setting.

CHINKLE: Sirrah, I understand you not.

JERRY: Never mind. We'll get all this straightened out when we get back to the sheriff's office.

CHINKLE: Stop, sirrah. Now do I perceive.
By intuition of mine eye you e'en
Would have me quit the kind seclusion
Of the greenwood glade.

JERRY: Why, sure, mister. Didn't you agree to come along and
get a good hot breakfast and some warm clothes? You're
not dressed for living off the country.

CHINKLE: A change of vesture would be most appropriate,
And talk of victual hath a gay contagion,
But, sooth, I'll have it not.

JERRY: Aw, come on, old man. You can't back out now. You're
just tired. Here, let me take your arm.

CHINKLE: Accost me not. 'Tis at your peril.
For I return amid the forest gay,
Hard by the gentle brook where we had met.

(GOING OFF) SIRRAH, FAREWELL

JERRY: Hey, wait a minute! Come back here! (EXCITED) Stop!
Drop that stone. D'yuh hear? If you hit me with that rock
I'll - (SCUFFLE) Ouch. O-o-o-o-o! (SOCK) Well, you asked
for it. Sorry, old man. -- Gosh, I knocked you out cold,
didn't I? Well, I didn't mean to, but you were gettin'
too rambunctious. Wait'll I get a little water, -- now,
you'll be all right in a minute, mister. -- 'At-a boy.
Feeling better, no?

CHINKLE: (TALKS NATURALLY) What---Where am I? Flossie! Flossie!--
Where's my wife?

JERRY: You're all right now, mister. We'll get back to town quick
as we can.

CHINKLE: But where am I? I was at the hotel, wasn't I, only a
minute ago? -- And you, sir, who may you be?

JERRY: I'm Jerry Quick, a forest ranger on the Pine Cone National
Forest.

CHINKLE: A forest ranger. But where are we? Why am I in the woods
at night? And dressed only in my -- ahem -- like this.
Can you explain that sir?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, mister, you've got me. I guess you must've
sorta had a lapse of memory and wandered off into the
mountains and got lost. I woke up and found you here,
helping yourself to grub outa my pack sack.

CHINKLE: How very odd! Please accept my thanks for -- ahem --
finding me, Mr. Quick. Are we far from my hotel --
The Sunset Hotel?

JERRY: Not so far. If you feel all right, we'll start now.
It's about a two-hour walk to the Gap. We can get a
car there to take you to the hotel.

CHINKLE: I can't understand it. I'm somewhat dizzy from the effects
of a -- ahem -- fall I seem to have had. But it's not
serious. Lead on, Mr. Quick.

(MUSIC -- INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

BESS: (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello. Pine Cone ranger station. Yes, this is Mrs. Robbins. . . . Oh, Jerry! Where in the world have you been? We've been worried about you. (TO MARY) It's Jerry, Mary.

MARY: Where is he, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: (TO MARY) I don't know yet. Wait a minute (TO PHONE) Yes, Jerry. Go on. I'm listening. . . Oh, you did? (TO MARY) Mary, Jerry found Professor Chinkle. (TO PHONE) What? He was setting the fires in Lonely Valley? My sakes alive! (TO MARY) Mary, the professor was a victim of amnesia. (UP) How is he, Jerry? . . . Suffering from exposure? Well, I shouldn't wonder. . . . Yes, I expect Jim home very soon. . . . Yes, I'll tell him just as soon as he comes in. Yes, I'll explain it to her. Goodbye.

MARY: (EXCITED) What did he say, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Jerry found Professor Chinkle in Lonely Valley. He'd been setting those fires to keep warm. Just think of it, that poor old gentleman had completely lost his memory. Jerry took him back to the hotel. He's all right now. Doctor Peters is looking after him.

MARY: Oh, I'm so glad -- that Jerry found him, I mean. And for Mr. Robbins, too. He was so worried about those fires.

BESS: Well, thank goodness, the trouble's all cleared up now.
I do wish Jim had stayed home today. He works Sunday just the same as any other day if there's fires burning.

MARY: I know he does, Mrs. Robbins.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT.

BESS: Jim Robbins? Where have you been? I --

JIM: (IN A HURRY) I haven't time to talk, Bees. Get the CCC Camp on the phone. Tell the superintendent to organize a searching party--one hundred men--right away. Got to hunt for some old man that wandered off from the Sunset Hotel. They think he's wandered into our Forest and got lost. Name's Binkle or Wrinkle or something.

BESS: But, Jim, I - - - -

JIM: Then put through a call to the supervisor. Tell him the East Fork Fire's out -- that we're starting out to find old Dinkle right away. Seems like - -

BESS: Yes, but , Jim, I want - - - -

JIM: It ain't enough that we're having fires, but some old duffer has to go and lose himself. He's a pretty big gun in the literary world and they've got the whole regional office in an uproar about finding him.

BESS: But Jerry just - -

JIM: Yes, and that's another thing. I was foolish to let Jerry go down to Lonely Valley. Snooping around in the woods when he's needed badly right here. Don't know why I let him go. I didn't have any confidence in him being able to do any good down there anyway. Just wasting time. With people getting lost in the woods and a firebug trying to burn up the forest, what this district needs is a - - -

BESS: Jim Robbins, will you please listen to me one moment?

JIM: All right, but make it snappy. I'm in an awful hurry.

BESS: Well, listen carefully. Jerry 'phoned me about ten minutes ago from the Sunset Hotel. He's already found the professor, and his name's Chinkle, not Wrinkle. The professor was suffering from amnesia, and setting the fires -- unintentionally, of course.

JIM: Jerry found him!

BESS: Yes, he did. He's on his way here now. Your Lonely Valley fire situation is all cleared up. Now, do you have any confidence in your Assistant?

JIM: Huh? What? Well, I like that! Me not having confidence in Jerry. Why, I knew all along he could do it.

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: Well, with 4, like most of the time this National
Forest, better go to bed now. And with today's
and
with the State Forest Ranger, has come to, on the
presentation of the National Broadcasting Company
with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

4-10-58
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